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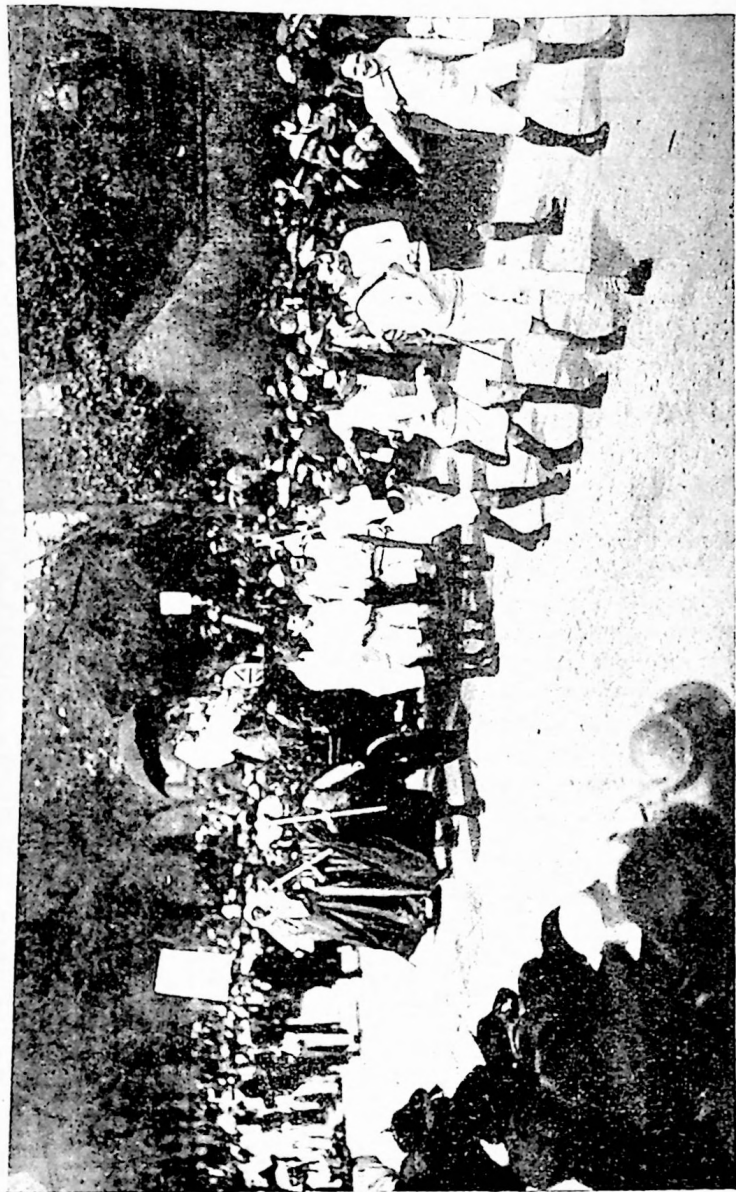
A KNUTSFORD MAY-DAY

All students of Toc H history know that there was an interval in 1919 between the closing of Talbot House, Poperinghe, and the "rebirth" of Toc H in London, during which Tubby was busy with his old friend 'Gen' and others at Knutsford. The story of how the Ordination Candidates' Fund was started in the Old House in 1916 and how it later came to fruition in the Test School housed in the disused gaol at Knutsford which Tubby had found for it, is briefly told in 'The Birth of a Movement' (p. 8 and Appendix V). Here Tubby recalls a Knutsford scene and the gallantry of two of its men.

ONLY tonight, upon my study table, I found a 1919 picture post card which awakens memories of the earliest Knutsford days. It is the only copy I have seen, at all events since 1921; nor should I be surprised, if it should prove to be the only copy now extant. (*It is reproduced on the next page.*)

It is a curious scene that is here shewn. Wilson, Bishop of Singapore, whose priestly courage and tenacity of purpose marked him out for prolonged ill-treatment by the Japanese, is the first figure seen in human harness followed by a strong team of other men, a few of whom I can still recognise. These were all members of the first Knutsford. Those who survive in 1947 are, with very few exceptions, senior clergy. But on May Day 1919, when this quaint photograph of the May Day Procession through the little town of Knutsford was taken, these senior clergy were ex-service men dragging from Knutsford Gaol to the town Common, by means of ropes, a fire brigade appliance which even then was old and obsolete.

The White Knight said, "It was my own invention". Upon the ground floor in old Knutsford Gaol I had observed, parked in an obscure corner, this ancient chariot or juggernaut, which lacked its Phoebus Apollo. Methought me that the Knutsford May Day Queen deserved to have a rival; for philosophy clearly explains that any strong contrast serves to set off beauty, valour, or virtue. As "evil is necessary in a world of phenomena for the realisation of good" so the May Queen would gain in admira-



"A juggernaut surmounted by a mock heroic figure . . . Thus we proceeded through the streets of Knutsford."

tion by heightened contrast with a Juggernaut surmounted by a mock heroic figure. No sooner said than done, in those far days. I climbed upon the fire brigade affair, equipped in gum boots, skirt and petticoat and ample blouse, a shawl, an umbrella. Although no trident was available, I had a shield daubed with a Union Jack. My liectors (there were six) had battle-axes cut out of cardboard resting on stout brown sticks.

Thus we proceeded through the streets of Knutsford, where the inhabitants were scarcely less prim than in the days of Mrs. Gaskell's *Cranford*. When we reached the Common, we took station on the grass at a respectful distance from the May Queen herself. Most of the Knutsford Gaolbirds (who included a brigadier, a four-ring naval captain, and one-third officers and two-thirds men of equal calibre from the three Services) mingled most freely with the whole proceedings and lent them a considerable zest.

A Dramatic Introduction

The Knutsford May Queen (1919) disdained our chariot and spurned the adventitious presence of Britannia. The shade of Mrs. Gaskell intervened, and wondered what the Church was coming to. But fate prepared a more profound *dénouement*: for we observed (behind Britannia's shield) that an old-fashioned but resplendent Brougham, complete with liveried coachman and empanelled armorial bearings, graced the scene. Attendant spirits brought back to Britannia the rumour that none else than Lady Grosvenor had called upon the Jail, and there had been directed to the May Day Carvival. Since she had driven across from Saughton Grange, there was no obvious alternative to a complete reliance on her mercy. Britannia then dismounted from the Tumbril and with her escort of ex-service students approached the Brougham. Greetings were exchanged. The following day, Knutsford received from Saughton the first of many loving invitations to come to tea and roam in the rose-garden and use the Chapel for our Evensong. And it was due to Lady Grosvenor's pen and to her prayers that Mark II House was given, with the next house to form the fund from which the Sibel Grosvenor Chaplaincy is endowed. Let Mark II not forget its origin, nor the Franciscan scene which gave it birth.

An upside-down World

The School had then but recently reached Knutsford and taken up its voluntary and Franciscan residence in Knutsford Gaol, which has now been pulled down. We were indeed its final residents. The Church of England is an ancient body; but it is doubtful whether any college born in the Church ever contained five hundred men of such wide divergence in their origin and outlook, yet united by a single purpose. Worship and study were our occupations. Our common life was simple, almost crude. The fare was well cooked, very simply served, and Grace lent fervour to our appetites. Games were hard fought, but did not on the whole display much scientific skill in their pursuit. The whole School was too much a cheerful team for any lesser team to operate with peculiar distinction. Our world was upside down. Rifleman Rumbold, now Dean of Pretoria, was chosen by my House (one of the corridors of forty cells) as their House Captain; and it was his duty daily to see that ex-field officers swept out their cells and did their washing-up without demur or inefficiency. The big tutorial staff had been hand-picked by F. R. Barry, D.S.O., the Principal, now Bishop of Southwell; and the Common Room included Mervyn Haigh, Bishop of Winchester, J. H. Nicholson, Principal of Hull University, and others scarcely less eminent.

Two gallant men

One of the gayest spirits of the place died two years later when in Deacon's Orders—F. M. D. Watt, an Edinburgh man, who had been smashed up in the Flanders war, and was utterly unfit for any games. If such a spirit could have been disconsolate, this was the word which might have been employed; but it did not describe his smiling pathos. He limped all round the prison when at leisure, and seemed to some of us to be taking an undue interest in the grim surroundings of the execution shed. Then rumours spread as to his real intention. Many of us had noted with abhorrence that the Victorian age had been content merely to bury the bodies of men executed by hanging in a plot of ground destitute of any sign of Faith, even of grass or flowers. Nothing but their initials on the wall thus marked the spot. Here broken jars and litter, odd lengths

of drain pipe, and discarded earthenware lay on their graves in a miscellany of neglectful contempt. F. M. D. Watt charged himself with a heroic task beyond his strength. Each movement brought him pain. That mattered little. He nerved himself to launch his own endeavour, and was discovered, destitute of help, trying (despite his half-dozen wounds) to move the heaviest and most unsightly objects which disfigured and degraded this sad last resting place. His quiet, unassuming way of life, together with his pluck under affliction, made him the best liked man among five hundred. Thus very soon, without an invitation, and scarcely with his leave, whole-bodied students worked with a will alongside him.

So, during the first spring of Knutsford School, this obscure corner, which had been ill-omened, became a place of quiet dignity, infinite pains, and almost loveliness. We whispered to each other of his hobby, and all the memories of early Knutsford fade into insignificance beside the precious tribute paid by the priestly soul of that much wounded Scotsman to the graves of criminals unworthy of reprieve.

Glance once more towards the post card. I can't help seeing Wilson in the traces right at the head, joyful and resolute. F. M. D. Watt could of course take no part in this procession. But I think his sufferings and early death may have remained in Bishop Wilson's mind, when, from 1942 for three years, he faced the pains inflicted on him by the war rulers of the Japanese. If the spirit and example of F.M.D. (as Knutsford always called him) remained with Wilson through his time of torture, let it remain with all the British folk during this next winter and the anxious spring of the succeeding year of destiny. Self-pity will not remedy our ills; it only weakens corporate endurance. May it be rather told in later years as one discerning man who knows the world said to me yesterday: "The pains of Britain should not be interpreted as death throes; rather they are the birth-pangs of a future which, under God, can bring our race and others into an era of increasing light."

TUBBY.

CONGRATULATIONS to COLIN and Mrs. STEVENSON on the birth of a son (Hugh) on August 4, and to PETER and Mrs. RABAN on the birth of a son (Colin James) on August 10.

"PUBLISHED ABROAD"

A note on 'The Local Press' appeared in the July JOURNAL. Reactions to it were invited, but so far only two letters have reached us, both of which we print with some comment.

THE whole question of publicity has had champions for and against in Toc H for many years. On the one hand there are members who feel that we should "let our light so shine before men that they may see our good works" and be led to glorify God but should never talk about it, that we should take the Fourth Point of our Compass quite literally and "spread the gospel without preaching it." Pushed to extremes in some places this has meant that their neighbours, after many years, have no conception what Toc H is all about and that, for instance, men who had been attracted by Toc H in the Services and wanted to meet it at home have been unable to find anyone—even the police!—in a town who knew whether or where or when it meets. On the other hand there are those members who believe that Toc H is so good a thing that they have no right to keep it to themselves; they want their neighbours to know about it and, if possible, to join its ranks and reinforce its work. Pushed to extremes this has sometimes led to boasting and boosting. The truth lies, as usual, in the middle: we need publicity but it must be the *right* publicity. And over that, discussion has ranged, at times rather fiercely, for years and will no doubt continue.

The first of the two letters received is clearly written by a member who believes in publicity, for, besides being the Secretary of a Group, he is the 'Public Relations Officer' of a District. His concern is that publicity should be of the right kind. He writes:

DEAR EDITOR,

So the hardy annual of Toc H publicity has reached the columns of the JOURNAL again!

I suppose there always will be differences of opinion on this, but I think you have gone too far in suggesting that each Branch should have a P.R.O. to report unit activities to the Press.

I happen to be the P.R.O. of a District Team, and as such, I report any outstanding events, or jobs that have a 'news value', to the local press. But, I feel very hesitant whether normal Branch activities and jobs should be squashed in with the affairs of the Womens' Institutes and the Petty Sessional Intelligence. Surely a Toc H meeting is something to be experienced, not to be read about, as if it were just another assembly of chaps at a formal meeting.

The fact that units do good in their localities does not need pushing in the press. The witness in carrying out those jobs is sufficient publicity in itself.

But as I said before, it's a hardy annual, and as such, will no doubt bring forth as many different view-points as usual.
Peterborough.

GEORGE DIXON.

The second letter is clearly written by a member who shrinks from all Toc H publicity in the press. He says:

DEAR EDITOR,

The article headed 'The Local Press', in the July issue of the JOURNAL has tempted me to reply to it.

Heaven forbid that Toc H should use the methods suggested for publicity. To me the uniqueness of the Movement lies in the fact that it does the job without the fanfare of trumpets which is common to most organizations.

So far as I can gather, we are seeking to continue the Work of the Master, and I can find no record in the Bible of Christ appointing a 'Press Agent'.

Let Toc H get on with the job and leave the publicity to those who want it.

Largs, Ayrshire.

GAVIN C. MARTIN.

The argument from one period or set of conditions to another is always guess work, if a fascinating exercise. If Shakespeare had had the cinema and the radio at his disposal what films and broadcast plays he would pretty certainly have given the world! The despised Christian sect of the first century would presumably not have been given access to film or radio, even had they been known, but the Church has since used both to give the Faith publicity—though not as much as the Good News deserves.

Might-have-been—

The same is true of every modern invention. There is "no record in the Bible" that the Apostles used bicycles, but thousands of Christian teachers and missionaries have since found a bicycle to be a gift of God in their work. And there was no 'press' in Our Lord's day because the invention of printing was still fourteen centuries ahead, but who knows how He might have used so splendid and dangerous a means of teaching? To the blessing of mankind ever since, however, He had 'reporters': Matthew, Mark, Luke and John in their 'write-up' of the Story set a shining example to every other journalist who has followed them. And He had other grand publicists by word and pen. If St. Paul had not spent himself on the 'world-wide publicity' of the Christian message, which St. Peter was so anxious to keep

within the family of the Jewish race, it might not have got beyond Galilee. As it was, through him "the word of the Lord was published abroad" (*Acts*, 13, 49) to those afar off.

There is much in this of 'if' and 'might-have-been' and further argument might add little. But before we leave it we will quote a paragraph from a long set of notes on Publicity, written by a very well-known Toc H member; it forms No. 10 of a series of talks, intended for discussion in Toc H, which he set down during his years of captivity in Germany during the war. "In all reverence" he says:

"Our Lord invited publicity during His ministry on earth. It is true that He never courted controversy, but He never dodged it; He had plenty of critics and dealt with them vigorously. Christ mastered public attention because He was never trite or commonplace; He could never be 'the average man'. He had no routine; it was impossible to predict what He would say or do; His every action and word was 'news'. What He said was simple, brief and sincere, but people's interest was captured as much by news of what He did; He was advertised by His works rather than His words—"the fame thereof went abroad into all the land". If He were to live again on earth in these days, He would be known by His service rather than His sermons, both in the market-place and in the modern thoroughfares of the printed news-column".

Toc H also is known, for good or ill, by its works. Its Lamp is bidden to shine so that men may *see* the good works it does; its light is not to be hid under a bushel. That is publicity. Well used, it leads other men to join us in following the Light. Ill-used—that is, in boasting much about very little or pandering to the world's opinion—it brings our movement into contempt. Our Lord and His early followers did not always have 'a good press'; false rumours were often spread by their enemies and these in themselves were a measure of their success. But Christ's own publicity, founded on good works and unforgettable words, was never trivial or untrue.

Since those days the means of publicity, print and broadcast and film and television, have immeasurably increased and with them both the benefits and the risks. If the means have changed, the true principles have not. It is for Toc H a high responsibility to use its publicity—whether in the press, in its literature, in its festivals and exhibitions, in speech and sermon and broadcast, but especially in the work it does—in order to spread the truth about it, not unmindful of the Divine Example. B.B.

TOC H AND COMMUNITY ASSOCIATIONS

No. 3 (July) of The London Sheet, the News-sheet of Toc H London, contains this article which deserves a still wider audience.

"WHO is to provide the art of teaching men to live together and bring the needed vision and constructive ideals into place, unless Christians are ready to offer their help, in some acceptable and suitable form?" This quotation from Padre Gorton's article in the Toc H JOURNAL of April, 1945, "Community Centres—A Toc H Job?", raises a question requiring an urgent answer in this second year of post-war planning, marking so little practical achievement in the way of building peace.

At a meeting convened in Westminster City Hall on June 23, 1947, by Toc H Westminster Branch, the guest speaker, Mr. Sewell Harris (Chairman of the National Federation of Community Associations, and a prominent member of the Joint Committee for the Recruitment of Neighbourhood Workers) said "What is needed for this generation is a proper community spirit. A proper community is one of the essentials for satisfying those particular needs, which our present civilisation requires but tends to squeeze out—*individual sense of significance—opportunity to choose which things to do and to determine a course of action—to choose things which we feel to be worth while*, both in our employment and in our leisure". How such choice is exercised depends largely upon what extent the community obtains its inspiration from Christian roots.

This small but significant meeting passed a resolution "that a Committee be formed to study the question of forming Community Associations in Westminster and to take appropriate action". It is proposed that three small sub-committees, or teams of Neighbourhood Workers, should study the possibilities of establishing some dozen focal News and Discussion Centres within the City boundaries, to promote informal interchange of ideas and to bring people with a wide variety of interests and talents into touch with one another.

But discussion alone is not enough. Two of the sub-committees will explore the problem of making the best possible use of existing and improvised accommodation and equipment for encouraging the arts and crafts, particularly those applicable to

raising the standard of Home Life in all its aspects. If people cannot learn to live joyously in their own homes and immediate neighbourhood, what hope is there of reducing discord between larger sections of society and between nations? "God setteth the solitary in families" was the text that made Dr. Barnardo overhaul and re-plan his homes. To set the solitary in families is surely one of the main functions of a Community Association, and this it shares with Toc H.

Jobmaster and Discussion Leader

The art of Toc H Chairmanship and Discussion Leadership tends not to be studied with sufficient care, with the result that meetings fail to achieve much more than friendly gossip and an interesting talk by a guest speaker. Is this one of the reasons why men who might become members seem not to re-appear after their second or third visit? The Branch Jobby may not have been able to sum up their capacities and to invite them to help in suitable jobs, the Pilot may not have been able to explain the ideals and working rules of the Family. The Chairman may have been content to introduce the speaker, welcome visitors and to thank them for coming and not have given enough consideration to the purpose of the meeting and to the methods to be tried in achieving this purpose.

The "Discussion Method" Handbook, published by the Bureau of Current Affairs, is full of hints for inexperienced Toc H Chairmen. It suggests that, after a discussion, each member should try asking himself these questions:—

What was the question for discussion?—Did we know straight away what we were discussing?—Was it presented fairly and accurately?—Was the opening good?—Were we interested from the start?—How were we handled?—Did the discussion keep going?—Was it discussion or merely argument, or debate, or just questions and answers?—Did the group leader hold the chair or the floor? Did the discussion get somewhere?—Was it summed up fairly?—Did it open up field for further discussion (or action)?—How would I have presented the discussion?

If every member inflicted this sort of post-mortem and took turns in taking the Chair, perhaps there would be less dismay when they are asked to accept office.

Perhaps each District Team should have a man to co-ordinate the work of unit Jobmasters and Chairmen, and to train them. Where a Local Authority has appointed a Community Associa-

tion Secretary, or Rural Travelling Officer, with some experience of informal community education methods, such as discussion leading, he might well be brought into the District Team as an *ex-officio* co-opted member, who might choose to join Toc H if he has not already done so.

Where this is not possible, the District Team might organise a training week-end, and invite the Training Staff of the Bureau of Current Affairs to demonstrate their techniques, not only to stimulate interest in Current Affairs, but in all those social and cultural activities that bring people together in small groups, such as music-listening and appreciation, radio-listening and fireside discussion, practical handicrafts related to Home Life and so on. It is by bringing small groups into personal touch, to arrange mutual co-operation that living communities are cultivated. The unit Jobby who sends out a pair of members to entertain some lonely family, might well bring several lonely families together at some focal centre to discover what is going on in the neighbourhood and to join any group that happens to interest them. Residents often have little idea of what opportunities exist for them in their own neighbourhood, but if News and Discussion Centre methods are applied to open their eyes and to stir their feelings and mental powers into action, they may find all sorts of latent capacities in themselves and in their neighbours.

" That they may see your good Works "

As Mrs. Beeton says "The Eye does half the eating"; it is the eye as well as the nose that makes the mouth water, which is only nature's way of helping the digestion. Today we suffer from a surfeit of undigested plans, not worked out in sufficient detail to enable ordinary people to appreciate their significance. We are caught up in a system of large organisations and outline plans which bewilder because we cannot see how we can play an effective part in either making them work, or modifying them to suit our real needs. Perhaps Toc H can help by studying local, as well as world-wide, current affairs, digesting them and interpreting them as facts or theories. Parliament might be regarded as the digestive system of the Nation, but how many citizens read Hansard? It is easier and quicker to read the headlines, and pass on to the pictures. Yet one looks in vain,

Words by John R. Macdonald

MY COMPASS

Tune by A. J. Stubbs

First system of musical notation for 'My Compass'. It consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written on the top staff, and the accompaniment is on the bottom staff. The lyrics 'O God of Love, abide in mine' are written below the top staff.

Second system of musical notation for 'My Compass'. It consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written on the top staff, and the accompaniment is on the bottom staff. The lyrics 'That I may make men think of Thee, So cleanse my heart that I am free' are written below the top staff. The word 'slower' is written above the top staff.

O God of Love, abide in me,
That I may make men think of Thee
So cleanse my heart that I am free
To LOVE WIDELY.

O Thou who hast created man,
Grant me some vision of Thy plan;
Help me, within my little span,
To BUILD BRAVELY.

Eternal Light, whose diverse rays
Shine through men's minds in many ways,
Guide and enable me always
To THINK FAIRLY.

Let Thy pure Spirit through me flow,
That my whole life my faith shall show;
In serving others I may grow
To WITNESS HUMBLY.

at least in the city of Westminster, under the very walls of the Houses of Parliament, for anything like the News and Discussion Centres which we knew in the Services, where one might find meat for the mind and buns for the body, as well as some inspiration for the spirit.

It is hoped that the small nucleus of City Associations will discover ways and means of establishing suitable centres, possibly like Continental News Kiosks and Coffee Stalls combined. It is also hoped that West London District Team will study the question of finding and training small teams of "Jobby-Chairmen-Discussion Leaders", whose work may be seen at focal centres, where people already gather for recreation and light refreshments, if only out of a bag. The pamphlet *Asleep or Awake* suggests many possibilities well worth exploring by such Teams of Neighbourhood Discovery. ADRIAN HUDSON.

THE SINGER

ON Easter Day there passed ARTHUR JAMES STUBBS, Editor of *The Link* of Australia, oldest of the Toc H overseas magazines, now in its twenty-third volume. Arthur had more than a local place in Toc H membership, for not only did *The Link* go out from his hands month by month, the link that helps to bind not only the family in the five States of Australia but all of them to all of us across the sea, but he was the author of one of the best known Toc H songs, *The Payneham Ditty*, which found its place in many song-sheets and in *The Birthday Book* of 1936.

Born in England in 1895, a rifleman in the K.R.R.C. for five years in the first World War, he went out to Australia in 1920. Five years later Toc H was taken to Australia by Tubby and Pat Leonard, and Arthur Stubbs was one of its first captures; he was initiated in 1926. From that time until his last illness, when his fellow-members of the Payneham Branch Executive used to meet round his sick-bed, he lived and taught Toc H.

*We train 'em at Payneham
To sing very strong*

—so Arthur Stubbs sang himself in verse: he also made music, as witness the tune on the opposite page (for which we are indebted to the May *Link*). But his own life, courageous, humorous, self-forgetting, was the best song of all.

FINDING TOC H

The stories of how this man or that discovered Toc H and what it means to them would fill a book. Here is a straightforward story told recently to his Branch by one man—JOHNNY BUTLER, ex-Flight. Sgt., R.A.F., who was badly burned and disfigured when his plane crashed.

I EXPECT this evening everyone will be interested to know just why we new members and probationers attend these Friday meetings. I trust members will forgive me for making this little talk quite personal, and that the more—shall I say—“active” members will not accuse me of “shooting too big a line!”.

I think my case is unusual for several reasons, the most obvious one being that I am fortunate enough to be here at all today. Here again I must ask you, my friends, to be indulgent whilst I “re-live” part of the last three years of my life, because I am confident that this period, coupled with my happy association with Toc H, will hold my future.

When I suffered my accident in 1945, I had, as you can no doubt imagine, very little will to live, but apparently my work on earth is not completed, for here I am, a little weaker physically perhaps, but definitely stronger mentally. Fortunately my memory of the first six months in ‘dock’ is very hazy—my clearest memory is that fateful day when I was ordered out of the hospital bounds in a wheelchair, to face the big bad world again. I did indeed feel sorry for myself! This feeling did not, as one would imagine, diminish, but increased in intensity, until I reached a stage where I cared little for anyone—my family included—and even less about myself. My main thought was “I’ve been injured fighting for my country, therefore let the country take care of me!” Obviously this was the wrong way to recovery. At this stage I found myself at home for six months, with nothing to do but think—and pity myself.

Here, I feel sure, God took a hand, and I know Toc H did. I’ve always been interested in reading, and one day, whilst glancing through some old magazines, I discovered some souvenirs of a visit I paid to France and Belgium in 1936, amongst which were reminders that I had visited Talbot House at Pop., and during my Service, had been privileged to meet Tubby—for a brief moment, of course. These souvenirs set up a train of

thoughts in my mind, and gradually Toc H made itself known to me.

There were lots of memories—insignificant happenings—such as remembering setting out on a raid, and always seeing the last cheerful sight, on the aerodrome, of the Toc H 'wagon'. Those helpers were indeed ministering angels; they were on hand with a 'cup o' char' and 'wads' when we went out, and always there with char and a cheery smile when we returned. Again I thought of hospital, after operations, when I was desperately fighting against boredom. Fellows I did not know visited me, cheered me up, gave me magazines, and sometimes fruit and cigarettes. Each week these fellows came around at least one of our wards. All we knew was that they "had something to do with Toc H!" They are wonderful chaps, God bless 'em!

Turning Point

I remembered all these things, and wished I could at some time emulate the Good Samaritans. Then I met two excellent men, whom I am now privileged to call my friends. I was invited to a Toc H meeting, and, as a number of you will remember, arrived at Oak House very bewildered, but left in a much better frame of mind. I was instantly aware of the fellowship and *esprit de corps* which existed in Toc H, and I think here was a turning point in my life.

I was determined—if the Branch was willing—to become a member. Now I am a fully-fledged member, and very proud of the fact. I've made many, I hope, lifelong friends, and I've lots of interests—in fact, I'm just about normal!

In conclusion, I'd like to tell you something of what Toc H is to me, and this is the way I'd try to explain it:—Many times I've tried to explain to someone just what Toc H is. "Is it a Social Club?"—"Well, it's that and something more". "Is it a Religious Organisation?"—"Well, Yes and No". Quite briefly I'd say Toc H is a unique organisation. It is a combination of all good clubs; there's fellowship, there is religion of *all* kinds, there's fairmindedness, there's happiness—and another important factor, there's lots and lots of fun, particularly in this Branch—as we witnessed in our "Have a Go" Programme last week.

JOHNNY BUTLER.



"A day's soaking in sunshine and ozone"

RE-JUVENATING OUR FAMILY

The writer of the following, who wishes to remain anonymous, says "I am getting in touch with A. and possibly B." (two well-known members) "with a view to forming a small team to go into action. This article, I hope, will result in the discovery of suitable members for this team. Toc H X. and Y. Branches are both doing something about Old People, but, for years, I have felt we neglect young Parents."

A YEAR ago my wife and I, peeping through a small round window in a maternity hospital, got our first glimpse of John, whose parents did not want him. We did—and "that," says John, "is that". John, aged one week, decided to adopt us, and now one wonders why the Toc H Family does not try the same experiment, and try to persuade so-called 'unwanted children' to adopt its members as God-Fathers and God-Mothers.

There are many small, ready-made families about, composed of children who have made an unfortunate choice in their natural parents. They often live in "homes", together with twenty or thirty other children—rather a large family, however kind the 'uncles' and 'aunts', who run these homes, may be. If every Toc H Branch or Group could get each of its members to act as God-Father to a small family of four children—to write to them at Christmas, Easter and on birthdays—to invite them to their homes, and to take them for a picnic—and generally to be there in the background when the children are ill, or suffering from growing pains—then these small families would have a better chance of cultivating Christian roots. The children need, perhaps more than anything, a feeling of being wanted, and the opportunity to love someone. They are generous and selfish in successive minutes, as most of us are. Perhaps Toc H Family Life would be enriched and rejuvenated, as our family life has been since John joined us.

Our branch of the Toc H Family recently took children from two homes to enjoy a day's soaking in sunshine and ozone. My party came from a 'home', which was obviously a HOME. It was a family of unrelated boys and girls, but they were brothers and sisters in all other senses of the words. The girl—she was little more in age—who brought them, somehow combined the roles of mother and elder sister, and the man who marries her will indeed be fortunate. Officially she was a 'Trainee'—but she knew more of child psychology and of the problems of parent-

hood than most possessors of Social Science Certificates. She had been to no college, but had a wealth of practical experience, gained under the guidance of a matron in the widest, and wisest, sense of the word. Would it take too great a stretch of the imagination to see in the Toc H Family of elder brothers and God-Fathers, a university with a faculty for parenthood education?

We hear much of the urgent need for education in parenthood. The "Homes for the Unwanted" may indeed have better people to teach us than have the recognised educational institutions. They, at least, have learned the art in a hard, practical school.

The joy of sharing a railway compartment with this small family required little leaping effort. The motherly 'elder sister' administered such discipline as was necessary in a way that rejoiced the heart, and only once, throughout a hot, tiring journey home, slapped one small boy extremely effectively! The children knew where they stood, and exactly how far they might go. But they did seem to need a father too, and that is where Toc H can help with its family of older brothers who are not yet fathers. Perhaps the opportunity to play and help with children may infuse our Family system with new blood, particularly from those from the Services who missed this opportunity during the war, and who feel a bit old as the result.

A LETTER FROM CHINA

Some months ago the following letter was received at home from the Rev. ROLAND KOH. It explains itself—and deserves some replies.

IT is difficult to know where to begin. It is a long story which covers a period of nine years or more. It was a period during which war between Japan and China was waged. It was also a period during which I had lost contact with Toc H. Before sitting down to write, I have so many things to tell you about. But on sitting down, I changed my mind to write briefly so as to spare you the trouble of having to waste your precious time in reading them. However, this one point I want to let you know. One of my New Year resolutions is that I should contact with Toc H at the earliest date possible. I have resolved to write requesting you to renew my membership card. Will you please

inform me what this involves and what it means in £ s. d.? I have lost practically all my personal things during the war. They were kept in Hong Kong while I was in the interior of China. But amongst the things recovered were two old diaries—Toc H Diaries for 1936 and 1937.

On New Year Day on looking back on the past and planning for the future, I felt that Toc H had played an important role in making me what I am. The meetings I attended led me, along with other factors, step by step to see what God wanted me to do. As the first Chinese to be initiated in the Far East I was rather spoiled with flattery and undue attention. But as Assistant Hon. Secretary of Toc H Hong Kong Group, I was given grand opportunities of meeting some of the people who directed my attention to the call of God. When it was first hinted by Padre Harry Baines (now in Rugby) that I should dedicate myself to the service of God and join the Ministry, I was speechless. It was a challenge which I had never considered before. It took me fully nine months to make a decision. And in September, 1937, I left Hong Kong for Canton to take up theology and kindred subjects (thanks to the record made in my Toc H Diary). I was ordained to the priesthood in June, 1941. After Victory Day I returned from the interior to Canton and then about ten days ago I was transferred to Kongmoon. My work comes under the Rt. Rev. R. O. Hall, the Bishop of Hong Kong who, I believe, has come into contact with Tubby.

In my opinion Toc H in Hong Kong has done and achieved something. It has at least given us friends and brought us into contact with various sections of the community. *(He then refers to John Dodd, a former member in Hong Kong, now training at home for the Ministry; Mr. and Mrs. Stevens who worked in our War Services in the Far East; H. H. Molland of the Post Office, Canton, formerly warden of our Services Club in Brussels; and Mayne Elson, whom he met on a visit to Hong Kong.)*

If you would put a short notice in the JOURNAL that I am still alive and am now in Kongmoon. I shall be most grateful. This will probably serve to bring me into touch with old friends of Toc H again. If any of them cares to write, I will be most happy. *(Rev. Roland Koh's address is c/o Chung Hua Sheng Kung Hui, 9, Sheung Po Road, Kongmoon, Kwangtung, China.)*

DEAF AND BLIND

THE short account in the June JOURNAL of a Toc H effort for old people makes interesting reading. I wondered whether you, and probably some of the members who get as far as the last page of the JOURNAL, would be interested to know of a little job which is being done here in the Streatham Branch. Last Saturday the Branch, or at least some members of the Branch, co-operated with the ladies, and held a party for about seventy people who were deaf and blind. They were brought from all over London apparently, and got together in a room hired for the occasion. It was real joy to see these people laughing and joking with each other. Some of us have learnt 'paw-jaw', a system of signs given with the hands. (Particulars of that can be had from the National Deaf-Blind Helpers League, 40, Green Road, Hall Green, Birmingham, 28). The whole alphabet is on one hand, and is very simple to learn, and by means of it some of us were privileged to be able to join in the conversation with these people. We were able to give the seventy tea, take them for walks and so on, (rumour has it that some of the stronger ones even went as far as a Pub-crawl). I was amazed by the simplicity of the whole thing, but more amazed by the wonderful spirit of these people. Their gratitude knew no bounds, and to use the expression of one of them, a fellow who comes along to our meeting every week, "it brought some light into my world of darkness". I wonder whether other Toc H units could give the idea a thought when they are looking for a worth-while job. Perhaps just a note in the JOURNAL might start the hare?

Streatham.

W. L. M. J. WILSON.

FOR HARD TIMES

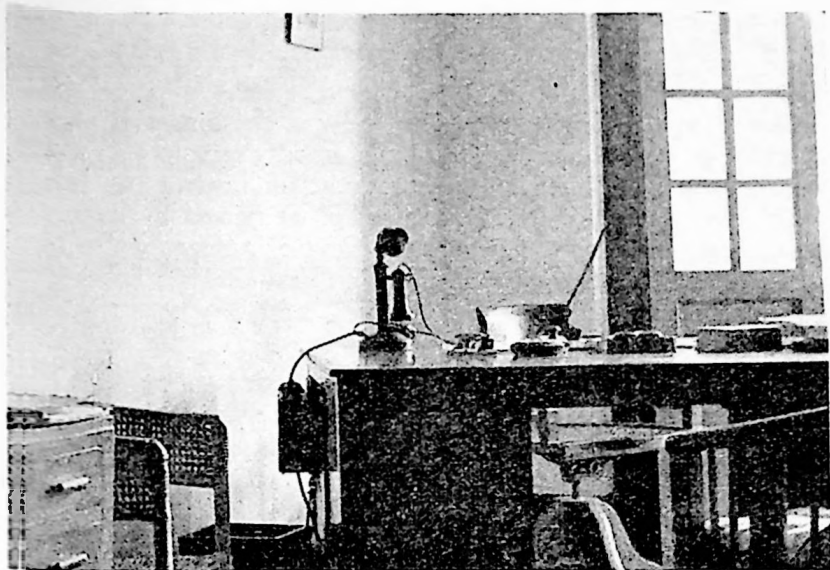
*Worry is a thin stream of fear trickling
through the mind.*

*If encouraged it cuts a channel into
which all other thoughts are drained.*

ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

Seen in the City—on All Hallows' 'Wayside Pulpit.'

WHERE'S GEORGE?



THE stock answer is "Gone to lunch". Here's his desk, his chair, his telephone—but "Where's George?" And where was the picture taken? In the Midland Bank at Slow-in-the-Mould, the football-pools office at Oldham, the Vicar's study at Old Flipping or in a 'pre-fab' at Oswaldtwistle? The intelligent reader may have six more guesses and he won't guess right. In the Warden's room of the Singapore Toc H Services Club, of course! And the Warden has gone to lunch.

What a pity he didn't stay five minutes more to occupy his chair, to scribble a note or ring someone on the telephone! Then we should have had the portrait of a Warden in action instead of a still-life of his office. This is one of a set of fourteen photographs of the Singapore Club which arrived on the Editor's table the other day, with a slip attached "Any use for the JOURNAL?" They were taken with an excellent camera. They depicted some delightful corners of sunny rooms, with comfortable armchairs, books, and a rackful of pipes, besides a garden with palms. One view of a half-size billiard table could

stand for any boys' club between Kirkcudbright and Calcutta—after closing-time; the rest would well illustrate an estate agent's catalogue or the prospectus of a boarding-house. For of the whole fourteen pictures only one contains a living being, a man smoking a pipe.

This is not criticism aimed unkindly at the Singapore photographer in particular: he is but a good example of Toc H photographers in general. Last month, for instance, we reproduced two pictures of the Services Club at Fanara in the Canal Zone, and only in one of them (one out of a dozen sent to the JOURNAL) was there *anyone* on the premises—the Warden resting in an armchair, an event which may well be rare enough to deserve recording. ...

Month by month for twenty-five years a tiny trickle of photographs has reached the Editor's table. Apart from those too ill-focussed or too over- or under-exposed to stand reproduction, the great proportion of them fall into two categories—empty rooms or houses with no sign of life, or 'groups' in which two rows of frozen members stare into the lens. Neither of these kinds, we believe, is capable of striking any spark of warmth in the mind of the JOURNAL reader (except perhaps the unit whose rooms or faces are immortalised); few of them appear.

There remains a mere handful of pictures which, whether by luck or deliberate plan, have real point, that is, are interesting, lively, beautiful or amusing. The best of these—and some might have been so much better—were chosen out of the accumulation of many years to illustrate *The Bridgebuilders* in 1935. Again and again we are asked by units producing a festival programme or by people writing articles about Toc H to lend them photographs of 'Toc H activities'—and we turn over the pictures of empty rooms and frozen groups once more in vain and end by sending a worn *Bridgebuilders* block on yet another journey.

Now and again a photographer has two good strokes at once—luck with his picture and the happy idea of passing it on to the Editor of the JOURNAL. But good photography, as all good photographers know, is much more than pressing the button in a hit-or-miss mood; it is both a science and an art, it needs, that is, both skill and imagination.

Another photograph illustrates this article, not because it has any remarkable merit but because it illustrates this point. It is worth while just to recount how it came to be taken. A set of pictures was urgently needed for an appeal folder for the Toc H War Services Fund: they were to show the usual activities of a Services Club. We already had plenty of photographs of blank front doors and empty club rooms and of Very Important Persons facing the camera after declaring Clubs open, but what did Clubs do? There the ground was much more thinly covered.



So one evening three of us took a press photographer into a Toc H Services Club and spent a happy couple of hours. First we went round the canteen and lounge collecting a team of 'willing' actors' from old friends and new. We picked 'types' from all three Services. A French sergeant came in useful in one picture; a gunner with his arm in a sling in another; we even roped in a large dog. Then we posed them, making trial shots and taking quite a lot of trouble about details—rather like a film studio. We staged pictures of men playing, discussing,

praying, eating, washing their necks, booking their beds and so on. One universal activity of a Services Club is singing round any enterprising pianist, and our attempt to depict that is here reproduced. We chose a Jock as pianist, because he did it well—with one finger, as can be seen, and because he had a fine Scottish cap-badge on the camera side of his head. Then we mixed the Services, with a sailor leaning on the shoulders of a couple of soldiers, a tall Guardsman among normal-sized men, an R.A.F. sleeveful of badges in one corner of the picture and a sergeant-major's (he played in the team gladly) on the other. Even the gas-mask and the music scattered on the piano were not an accident, they were posed. The 'cast' were then told to forget about the camera and concentrate on singing. Jock went off in fine style and when they were well warmed up, at a moment when nobody heard the camera click, the picture was taken. Does it look real? It *was* real: a score of men were enjoying themselves.

Now for the moral of this tale—and it means more work for somebody. Where is that lively record of what Toc H was up to in 1947? Where are the pictures for the JOURNAL, or for that little exhibition, well-mounted and portable, for which so many units have been asking, because they want to tell their neighbours a bit more about Toc H and invite their help in its work? The pictures don't exist yet, and they never will exist until imagination awakes among members. Suppose a Branch in a city and another in a village took up picture-making as a job for one evening or one week-end, thought out familiar scenes in their family life *in terms of pictures*, co-opted a practical photographer (with flash-lamp) who would enter into the spirit of it and rehearsed their team.

Played with ingenuity and zest, this game will bring pleasure to the players and benefit to us all. The Editor, for one, will rise with alacrity from his gallery of still-life (the French call it, very aptly, *nature morte*, 'dead nature') to welcome your living pictures. So, have a good look at *Picture Post* or *Illustrated*, and go to it!

Then there will be no need to ask "Where's George?", for George will be there to answer for himself. THE EDITOR.

A GOOD CHIT

REFLECTIONS on a photograph of the Singapore Club in the preceding article cast none whatever upon the Club itself. The following letter to Sir Colin Jardine, Overseas Services Commissioner, written when our work in S.E.A.C. was closing down, expresses the opinion of the 'highest quarters':—

*Headquarters,
Allied Land Forces,
South East Asia.*

DEAR JARDINE,

Now that the Toc H clubs have closed in this theatre, I should like to express to you my gratitude for all that your organisation has accomplished.

From the days of the last World War, we have come to expect a very high standard of Service from Toc H, and this tradition has been worthily carried on in this theatre. Since 1945 Toc H clubs have been established all over Burma, Malaya, Java, Sumatra, Siam and Hong Kong, and have contributed in no small measure to the well-being of the Servicemen in these commands. I would particularly like to stress the value of your work in Singapore and in Cameron Highlands, where your holiday homes achieved immense popularity. Many thousands of young soldiers will remember with gratitude what they owe to Toc H in these and other centres.

This has only been possible through the devoted efforts of all Toc H workers, and the very happy liaison which has always existed between the senior representatives and the Army Welfare staffs. Although your clubs are closed, Mr. A. B. Husband is doing excellent work in Singapore and Malaya.

Will you please accept, through me, the sincere thanks of all ranks in South East Asia Command for all that Toc H has done for them?

Yours sincerely,
NEIL RITCHIE,

29 May, 1947.

*General,
Commander-in-Chief,
South East Asia Land Forces.*

FROM ONE GENERATION TO ANOTHER

AFTER two world wars no one should have any more doubts that the old Mosaic saying that "the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children" is often literally true. Children of nearly every race and creed are suffering in various degrees and countless ways from the results of war-ravaged homes, lost parents, broken families, missing opportunities, lack of discipline, in many places starvation and hopeless misery. In 1919 one woman felt this so deeply that she founded the 'Save the Children Fund', a voluntary effort of men and women to help the child victims of the first world war: they are now struggling to deal with some of the tragedies of the second.

The object of this note is to call attention to another effort, much more limited in scope but in the same direction and the same spirit. In 1943 Geoffrey Hicks, a young member of Toc H, lost his life serving with the R.A.F. He had dreamt of doing something practical to help unhappy children when he came back, but that was not to be. Directly after his death and in his memory a venture of Christian faith, supported only by my capital, started a small home-school for children, combined with a training place for young girls wishing to undertake child-care. The school was opened and dedicated by a Toc H Padre; it survived the war and has overcome many obstacles. Now the money has been given to acquire larger premises, to take in more homeless children and to start the first *mixed* training-school near London for those who want to take up the care of children. How much this country needs more trained staff of both sexes for this work is plainly shown in the Curtis Report, recently published. But the public has realised all too little as yet that children deprived of the security and happiness of home need not only trained women to help them but trained men.

It may be that in Toc H there are men, maybe young ex-service men of the age of Geoffrey Hicks, who will see in this a challenge to themselves. It is service required from the elder to the younger, from one generation to another. Any one who is interested is asked to write to Mrs. E. Hicks, Nor-West School, Foxley Hill Road, Purley, Surrey.

CONVERSATION PIECE

THE TIME: *Saturday morning.* **THE SCENE:** *The busy cobbled Market Square of a cathedral city in the Midlands, From the surrounding villages the countryfolk have come to do their weekly shopping, and obtain a fresh supply of news to digest when they return to their homes.*

The crowds slowly mill round the stalls which fill the square. In the centre, between the stone fountain and the old butter cross, a tall, smiling Greengrocer disposes of his produce, with plenty of good-humoured banter:

TALL, SMILING GREENGROCER: "Yes, madam, fresh from the Fens this morning, only 4d. a pound . . . Hello, Geoff, Jim was here a few minutes ago . . . No, I'm sorry, no oranges this week . . . I say, George, can you get over to Cliffe on Tuesday to give them a talk? . . . Green ration book, please, madam, yes one allocation of bananas per book . . . What's that, Alec, you need more transport for the Cripples' Outing? . . . Yes, Madam, you can have half a cucumber, which end would you like? . . . Oh, Jack, have you met Oliver from Ramsey? Oliver, meet Jack . . . No, Sir, blackcurrants won't be about till next week . . . Hello, Bob, Wally's left a message for you: will you take a blind chap out for a walk on Sunday? Good! I said I thought you would . . . Yes, they're ripe and juicy, only 7d. a pound . . . I always say, George, if one of you turns up, there'll soon be a crowd. By the way, Greeno was here the other day, going up to Skeggie . . . Help yourself to the one you like best, madam . . . Just a minute, chaps, now what's this about Monday night. Right, Jim, I'll see you up there . . . No, madam, I sold the last half an hour ago . . ."

And so it goes on, for the District Pilot in this cathedral city of the Midlands is always busy on market days, both at his greengrocery, and at being the rallying point for Toc H members from far and near.

Noxix.

A GRAVE AFFAIR

"Last week the X. Branch of Toc H held their meeting in the churchyard with members sitting (*sic!*) on the grass during the ceremony of lighting the Lamp"—*From a local paper.*

THE ELDER BRETHREN

BUTCHER.—On August 18, CHARLES ALBERT BUTCHER, aged 70, farm bailiff, a member of the former West Kent Branch. Elected 20.3.'26.

GERRISH.—On July 21, PERCIVAL JOSEPH GERRISH, aged 40, a cripple from childhood, newspaper reporter, clerk to the Surveyor of the R.D.C., A.R.P. warden, Scoutmaster, choirman and churchwarden, a member of Sandwich Branch. Elected 10.7.'30.

GREEN.—On August 15, CHARLES GEORGE ROBERT GREEN, aged 53, Royal Engineer, a member of Richmond (Yorks) Branch. Elected October, 1938.

GUTHRIE.—On May 10, H. W. GUTHRIE, aged 72, a member of Whitstable Branch. Elected 24.8.'28.

HANDLEY.—On August 17, REGINALD JOHN HANDLEY, aged 33, a member of New Swindon Branch. Elected 18.5.'37.

JAMES.—On August 3, NORMAN JAMES, aged 53, commercial traveller, amateur musician, a member of Gloucester Branch. Elected 28.4.'26.

MARR.—On March 30 (Palm Sunday) the Rev. ALLAN EDWARD MARR, Vicar of St. George's-in-the-Field, Birmingham, Padre of Birmingham Central Branch and North Birmingham District. Elected 1938.

STUTFIELD.—On August 11, JOHN GREGORY STUTFIELD, a member of Chelmsford Branch. Elected 10.2.'32.

WHITTINGTON.—On August 17, CHARLES E. G. WHITTINGTON, aged 51, a founder member and Pilot of Westbourne (Hants) group. Elected 14.9.'37.

WILLIAMSON.—On May 14, C. H. ('Mac') WILLIAMSON, aged 78, a member of Whitstable Branch. Elected 22.6.'45.

Correction

We regret that in the June JOURNAL the date of election of DAVID LLOYD FELIX was wrongly given: it was 21.3.'29 (not '39 as printed). He had also been a member in North (not South) Wales.

FILLING IN THE COLOURS

We 'lift' the following, with acknowledgements, from The Plymouth Digest (No. 3, June), the News-sheet of Plymouth District.

WHEN I was a small boy there was given to me a box of paints. In that paint-box were enclosed sheets of paper, each one giving the bare outline of a picture. It was up to the budding artist to use his imagination, and colour in those outlines. Possibly the outline was of a house, or animal or some well known flower. What extraordinary pictures came from that boyish imagination and those coloured paints! The dark brown house with its yellow curtains, the horse painted a vivid green and the dainty violet appearing with a crimson hue.

I am grown up now. I am a member of Toc H. And Toc H I find does the same thing. It continually puts before me and my fellow members outlines—often very bare outlines, of pictures to be filled in. Not with the brush and paints from a child's paint-box, but with a sanctioned imagination backed by a man's intelligence, filled in with all the wonderful colours coming from a heart strangely warmed. Toc H has outlines of pictures in profusion:—a hospital—a leper colony—a Scout Troop—a youth club—hotel page boys—a casual ward—a released prisoner—a blind man—a broken home—Local Government, etc.

Outlines of pictures waiting for Toc H men to fill them in, until that which was only a bare outline becomes a picture alive and vivid in all its rich and radiant colouring.

Why should we try to fill in these outlines? Because, once upon a time there was One who walked this earth, Who also was given the bare outline of a picture to fill in. In some ways that outline was very simple and crude. But He filled it in, and He amazed the world. The wonder of it has never ceased, it has been growing as the years have come and gone. Every year increasing multitudes gaze upon His wonderful picture. That picture is slowly revolutionising the world. It has changed men's lives. Some, when they have seen it, have hastened to tell others all they know about it. Some have left their homeland and sacrificed many comforts to tell people in the remote corners of the earth, who had never heard, about this wonderful picture.

The outline of His picture was:—A wooden cross—a few nails—a crown of thorns.

BRANCH PILOT.

THE BRANCH OF QUEER JOBS

LESLIE RICE writes from Rangoon: unit life at home seems to look different from such a distance as Burma.

THE Snifflecombe Branch was having a Grouse Night. True, such nights are frowned upon by the powers-that-be, but Snifflecombe had been out of touch with Headquarters for some years. Requests for the payment of capitation fees sent at regular intervals were never given full weight owing to the Treasurer's inability to read. The Area Secretary had been successfully evaded by changing the meeting place and by expunging for a consideration the name of Toc H from the police records.

The Chairman sat, as usual, in the chair. Around him in a semi-circle squatted the rest of the Branch sipping glasses of water and nibbling in turn at a large Army biscuit provided by an anonymous well-wisher. The Chairman wore his Toc H muffler, but since orange reminded him too strongly of work (he was a fruiterer) and black stirred poignant memories of the death of his grandmother sixteen years previously, these colours had been considerably omitted by the knitter so that a stranger might on first sight be excused certain doubts.

The Secretary was speaking "With all deference, Mr. Chairman, I submit that the apparent stultification of the Branch lies in the procrastination of members in regard to putting their shoulders to the task, their hands to the wheel, in brief, to taking up the burden which confronts us. In the service to which I have the honour and privilege to belong there is no shirking of the manifold and various duties which arise day by day and hour by hour. Should tea be required many hands leap to assist; should an additional file be needed the matter is placed under the most active consideration; and should a job of work force itself upon our notice, no avenue is left unexplored and no stone left unturned. I appeal to our friend 'Pouncer' for support."

"Well," said the Treasurer, thus invited, "I, er—" Click!

The Chairman, seeing that getting the top set back into position would take some time called upon the Women's Section liaison member for her opinion.

A Liaison Officer had been appointed ever since the Branch and the Womens' Section had both fixed a seaside excursion for the same day and thus forced up the coach-hire prices. The scheme

I had already secured a reduction in rates, had introduced bulk-buying of tea and biscuits for guest nights and had staggered the opening hours of the Hare and Hounds. Snifflecombe was proud to be in the vanguard of progress with such an innovation.

The Liais was a large, widely-built girl, with teeth like the cow-catcher of a Rocky Mountain locomotive and a laugh like its siren.

"Choker," she said to the Chairman earnestly, "believe me, it's the programmes that are the trouble. What have we had in the past month? A sausage and mash supper, a talk from the Treasurer on how he fills up his football pools, and a library night. But if we're going to have library nights we ought to have more in the library than a copy of *Old Moore* and the JOURNAL for September, 1937."

"What this Branch needs," said a rather high-pitched voice from the back, "is a Jobby."

There was dead silence in the room, broken only by the crash of the Army biscuit dropping from the Chairman's nerveless fingers. The previous jobmaster, Granfer Goffin, had died from shock at the age of 93, shock caused by two members volunteering for a job requiring only one. In deference to his memory it had been decided not to appoint a successor and to confine jobs to meeting nights when members would be required to contract out instead of to contract in. And here was a comparatively new member ignoring every canon of custom, tradition and good taste!

"I, myself," said the interrupter, flowing smoothly on, "have decided, in the absence of any other suitable candidate to assume the post of Jobby. I have fixed the first job for next Saturday afternoon."

"But I . . ." "The United are playing . . ." "The missus said . . ."

"As I was saying, the first job will be on Saturday. It will be a job which few Branches, and certainly not this one, have ever done before, although the need cries out. What I shall aim at is an avoidance of the obvious, an escape from the conventional. Let Snifflecombe lead where others follow! Please be at the High Street cross-roads at 2.30 p.m. precisely."

* * * *

It was half past two on Saturday afternoon. The east wind cut icily through the air. A large, black cloud hovered expectantly around waiting until the party should move out of range of all possible shelter. The members were heavily clad—the Chairman in A.R.P. greatcoat and Toc H muffler, the Liais in a siren suit; several members wore flying boots; and the Treasurer bit hard on an indiarubber to prevent uncontrollable chattering from damaging his top set. Only the Jobby, in a light raincoat, seemed to be impervious to temperature; and his lanky figure, tousled hair and high-pitched voice might very well have been the earthly disguise of the East Wind himself.

“To-day’s job is really very simple,” said the Jobby, handing out pencils and paper. “For years, small boys have been driven out on to the streets by an irresistible urge, returning home at dusk cold and hungry, an easy prey to every disease from pneumonia to a simple cold in the head. Doctors have been overworked, mothers have been sent frantic with worry and anxiety, school attendances have been so upset that we are in danger of becoming a nation of illiterates. We are going to stop all this!

“Chaps! Get cracking and take the numbers of them cars!”

LESLIE RICE.

READ, MARK—AND ACT

There is refreshing evidence that the JOURNAL is read and “comes home to men’s business and bosoms.” An appeal in the May number by the Iver Branch for a wheeled invalid chair for a job they were doing met with a quick response from several quarters; “the first”, writes the Secretary, “was the exact type we required, and proved to be a first-rate job and is now in service”. In the June number Sid Thresher offered a complete set of this JOURNAL from 1925 onwards, and he had so many applicants that he has had to ballot for the lucky recipient. In July Tubby gave us the story of Albert Henry, the Old Age pensioner, and one reader immediately sent a small contribution to help this or similar cases; and another paragraph in the same issue about a Toc H concert party’s efforts to help a member’s invalid wife to Switzerland for treatment brought a substantial cheque, quite unsolicited, from another reader.